Revived From the Ashes

(Hidden riches unearthed)

-Sourabh Rout

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Written by - **Sourabh Rout**
Email - sourabhrout2000@gmail.com

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The Preface

In the stillness of the night, when the world is hushed and quiet, I find my thoughts turning to poetry. This book is a collection of those thoughts, and I am honored to share them with you.

As I reflect on the journey that has brought these poems to life, I am reminded of a moment - a crossroad of change. Just one Church Camp and my destiny was rearranged. The altar where I found the God of Turnaround. And the next page will unfold the testimony long awaited to a welcoming heart.

In truth the essence confirms, out of the ashes you will rise yet burning comes first. Before joy comes in the morning, a weeping will stay with you at night. Prior to success there's a long run in through the process. There's a Crucifixion leading up to Resurrection. And there's no gain without pain.

This treasury of thoughts are an invitation to walk with me through the landscapes of faith, hope, and love - to glimpse the beauty that arises from brokenness, and the light that shines brightest in the darkest.

The journey begins anew with every turn of the page; join me, dear reader, as we traverse the landscapes of heartache and hope, of darkness and deliverance - Rivived from the Ashes awaits.

Acknowledgement

My first and foremost gratitude belongs to my Lord Jesus Christ -who is the chief cornerstone of my life and the canvas where my words paint love.

I extend my deepest profound gratitude to my local church and the global Church which I attend virtually.

This enduring tribute is offered to my parents, whose indelible mark upon my heart has forever altered the trajectory of my life and art.

The Testimony

I was still in high school when, during a vacation, I attended a church camp for the very first time.

It was a new and unfamiliar experience, yet from the beginning, it felt deeply beautiful. There was a quiet joy in being surrounded by fellow believers and resting in the presence of the Lord.

Everything seemed to unfold in perfect harmony -the worship,the prayers, the devotionals, the shared meals,the laughter, and the fellowship.

Each moment carried a sense of divine order and gentle delight.

But as the final hour of the day approached, the atmosphere shifted within me.

After dinner, the gathering turned to what was called a "Talent Show" where each person was invited to present something-a gift, an ability, a reflection of what they carried within-for five to ten minutes. One by one, people of every age rose with confidence and grace. Children, youth, adults,and elders alike expressed themselves with sincerity and joy.

And then, there was me. No one questioned me. No one compelled me. I was simply...left to myself.

Yet within, a storm arose. Questions pierced deeply into my heart: What do I have to offer ? What can I present ? How can I glorify God in this moment ? I found no answer. Instead, I encountered an unsettling truth- that somewhere along the way, I had buried what was given to me. Even at such a young age, I felt as though I had not yet wholly discovered all of my potential and innate abilities.

I stood among those who had nothing to show outwardly,yet inwardly, I was the most confronted. Away from the gaze of the congregation, I found myself under the searching light of Christ. In that quiet exposure, His power began to work-not in my strength, but in my brokenness, my confusion, and my conviction.

And in that moment, I began to understand something profound: He is not only the God of the celebrated, but also the God of the overlooked. Not only the God of the expressive, but also the God of the silent.

The God who leaves the ninety-nine to seek the one is also the God who draws near to the introverted heart.

That night, I withdrew to the solitude of a washroom and wept bitterly. After gathering myself, I returned and completed my personal devotion,prayed, and lay down to rest-though my soul was far from settled.

The next day, the final day of the camp, a message was preached on Samson-how, even after failure, God restored him, and his hair began to grow again. It was a message about the God of restoration. Though I listened outwardly like everyone else, inwardly, it felt as though the message was meant for me alone.

Soon, it was time to leave. As we journeyed back home, the bus was filled with songs, laughter, and celebration. Yet I sat quietly by the window, gazing outside, while within me, a deeper reflection was unfolding. Every sermon,every moment, every conviction replayed in my mind.

When I reached home, I was asked how the camp had been. With a restrained sigh, I replied,

"It was good." But only I knew the depth of what I had experienced. I was exhausted-not merely in body, but in spirit. Never before had I felt so deeply convicted.

That night, when the house fell silent, I went into my prayer closet. There, I broke down once more before the Lord. I confessed my inability, my missed opportunities, my buried and undiscovered gifts. I cried out for restoration for the same God who restored Samson to restore me.

After prayer, I opened my Bible and Our Daily Bread. What I encountered felt divinely appointed. The passage was from Philippians 3:12-14. It spoke of pressing forward-not dwelling on past failures or even past successes, but moving ahead with Christ.

The title read: "Move Forward." In that moment, I knew this was the Lord speaking to me.

Not to remain in regret. Not to be paralyzed by self-condemnation. But to move forward-and trust Him with the rest. To the glory of my Lord-the God of second chances, the Restorer who gives more than what is lost-this became the beginning of a new life within me.

Those days at the church camp, and that night in the presence of the Lord, marked me forever. They did not merely pass as memories; they became a turning point-quiet, unseen, yet eternal in impact.

All praise, glory, and honor be to the one true and living God my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

(1)

In the Midst of Marine

A ship sailing smoothly in the sea
And in the midst of marine me
Where the breeze blew free
And group where in glee

There in solitary and free
Two sitting together as one see
Made others to flee
They both enjoying the lee

One person said something smoothly
And the other too replied that soothingly

From only this we
conclude something to be
To do good in Thee
Thus solely and wholly free
From ego,pride and slavery
Washed into purity
By the blood of the Lamb we knee
In words and actions we give Him glory.

(2)

The Rose

Careful you too
While you woo
Plucking a rose
Of your chose
What one does
Not knowing the foes
Hidden thorn mark
On finger sheds blood dark
Beauty on the outside
Dirty remains deep inside
The pain on palm
Won't keep you calm
And about a rich rose
Left a legacy in this poor prose.

(3)

The Cheering of Chance

A gleeful glowing girl
Wearing an earing of pearl

When surrounds the shout
Then searching to sprout
Cheering the chance
To portray a performance

From this we conclude
out of all the crude
To redeem the time
Without committing crime
Make the best use of opportunity
Before comes the climate of calamity.

(4)

The Doe and the Foe

Time travelling through trees
Thirst and tears still inside
The deer is on run like breeze
The hunter hurrying outside
Now he is all alone
In thirst and tearful tone
Then in heard of hollow hack
Of feet that followed it

Thick trunk on the track
And then set in short so as it
This is what he did for dear doe
Felldown in front of the foe.

(5)

The Melancholic Martyr

A man who is tough and tall
By an act became all in all
Firm and first that never fall
His name and state above all.

In humility he came to earth
But his own receive neither north
In Bethlehem he took his birth
He gave the sad a mercy and mirth.

Time so soon passed away
He grew up each day after day
His wonderful work gave the way
Saved all who were led astray.

A day came out in song and shout
Each welcomed him with cloak sprout

Sang Hosanna in highest about
Addressed him Lord without a doubt.

Riding not in heavy horse
To prove the war as worse
The Prince of Peace is he of course
Came riding in a donkey with a force.

The same proclaimed patriot
Is now in midst of rough riot
The people now is changed chariot
Says "Crucify him, Crucify him!" in rage riot.

He became a melancholic martyr
For all people of every tyre
He was spat and set in satire
Still he stands in king's attire.

He hold no ego but forgiveness
He stands to godly and gentleness
He sits high above for faithfulness
His act's are of flawlessness.

He had no stain
Unblemish yet took the pain
Open all slaves' sharp chain
Made a mercy rain.

On the Cross of Calvary
He lived and died before cavalry
Brought salvation for all slavery
Made us God's child out of rivalry.

His body was buried
beforehand he was purified
with perfume poured on his torrid
This message spread such hurried

On the third day he rose again
brightened the life to began
Stand in strength of great gain
risen from death grave grain

He is alive and unlocked eternity
open for those believe in certainty
his charming and curiosity
Is you who trust in him by denying anxiety.

(6)

An Indication in Evaporation

A breeze that blows
a gale that glows
Shadow that get steadily slows
fall of fountain and it flows

The trees that have fall
devastating destruction among all
This because act is null
of people who want hall

Take care of your needs
but also sow some seeds
Otherwise your dark deeds
May lead to wrong breeds

This is an indication
and a pure predication
So make a proper preparation
Otherwise be in evaporation.

(7)

Eyes that sail to see

Careful yet cool you be
when your eyes sail to see
global's gold may be the glitter
but by the time you bear bitter
how much more will you suffer
better not be cruel but clever
have some godly knowledge
So that you can stand on each edge
without any worthless war
but always as a super star.

(8)

Where the Eager Elopes

Where the eager elopes
their the dawn developes
out of all lamentations
their are pure proclamations
and it should always be
the believers must not see

circumstance may be ugly
but they are always in their glee
It's because of the LORD'S love
we didn't not dissolve
He cares and we are not consumed
Thus the prayers of us are resumed
His compassion never fail
sea to sea we will sail.

(9)

The Breaking of Glowing Glass

Stanza 1

The breaking of glowing glass
Scattered so soon into class
merchant of merry mass
person to person problem pass

Stanza 2

Always be aptly careful
feed not on food of fool
be ever calm and cool
else you be a tasteless tool.

(10)

My Best Friend

Jesus is my friend
whose love for me never end
let my knee before him be bend
blessing from above be send

In each and every darkness
he keeps his faithfulness
his life full of godliness
stand in great gentleness

In my present pain
he doesn't let me go in vain
but rather shed mercy rain
lead me in his great gain

What a friend I have !
who walks as a brave
God's only son He gave
is He for whom my song's octave.

(11)

What a life I have in Him !

When I come under His wing
to shout and sing
O really what a pleasure I find!
As King of Kings has a heart of kind
all my fears fade away
and tears never opt to stay
for I am made new
after my mind renew
for Christ came
and my life was filled with fame
for I hid myself in the Light
and I came into people's sight
no more sorrow
but a bright joyous morrow.

(12)

What is a Pride ?

What is a Pride ?
It is the pride

which is a rough ride
from high to low
subconsciously becoming slow

What is a Pride ?
It is the pride
Won as a brutal bride
for which you give up the glow
for you fade and fall below

What is a Pride ?
It is a tough tide
which lay you aside
from among all
and makes your fall.

(13)

With a little bit...

With a little bit
a candle made into lit
and in sit
Irrespective of hundred hit.

Just by infold of knee
Then a hope is in see
Faith of all in Thee
and that's why a reward we see.

(14)

The Son as a Seed

The Son is the seed
Searching our soul indeed
the heart that receives Him
will be saved by Him
the plant that will grow
will bring a melodious morrow
for unto many
who would be lost in agony
for that person
who have accepted the Son
will be someone new
and shall save many and few.

(15)

His Attributes

With crown on his head
blood did he shed
Streams of blood flows down
coming out of crown
soldiers spat on his countenance
but not a single utterance
like a sheep led to the slaughter
in midst of guards in laughter
yet he remained silent
even if everyone is violent
as for his Father's will
he remained still
obedient to the death
and that's how he gave up the breathe
he went to the grave
and left it empty to engrave
God raised him up
and placed His name on the top.

(16)

A Girl on the Gondola

A girl on the gondola
that sails in the streams of Shimla
at the new day's dawn
where sun shines upon the lawn
and she sitting close to her gallant
who had won her as does a merchant
both looking at each other
and thinking of elopement either
with twinkling of the girl's eye
His heart lub-dub cry
and the girl at his rose
Took it close to her nose
kisses of love laid
and alluring quotes said
with blowing of blessed breeze
and sail is in the seize
the heart throb of each
an adoration is in stitch
want of couple cherish

and then stress pit perish
for they are tied together
that to separate neither
and no need to stumble
for both are hallow and humble
With no more trouble
but now a loving couple's parable
so they flow towards the living land
into God's loving hand.

(17)

Death Grave

With the trembling sound of bell
we can't tell
whether this one to heaven or hell
That remains a suspense in sell

You think of others
but what about you brothers
and my dear sisters
Are you grooming in gestures ?

If you come to this grave
where many burials in engreave
try to take and have
what into this world they gave

Don't pick up bad
but pick yourself up from bad
lift up your head
and don't be mislead

Try to understand
and then take your stand
Where will you land
In heaven or hell's hand ?

(18)

Wedding and Welding

When the wed was on sight
Land was lengthened by light
The bride and bridegroom
Were then led to their room
Which was so finely furnished
With the grandeur so garnished

The wedding night went away
Leading into a new day
Now both coming to the first meal
After a night in deal
There was immense enjoyment
While clan in intense merriment
Now all went away
None with them to stay
The couples are in the mid of voyage
And in solitary stage
All at this time
The darkness came with rime
Thunderstorm with lightning
So as it is surrounding
But all this fearful facet
Couldn't cause them to be upset
While watching the rain
That make them stain
They didn't cease
Rather made themselves to release
From the trapping fearful bondage
That structural them in the yoked voyage
They both got a chance

to have a romance
inthis heavy rain
that made them to adore again
this is their love longitude
that lifted them to towering altitude.

(19)

Half-Hearted

Often left in the rain
To vanish the hidden pain
Flowing out of eyes
All within the heart it lies
Once thought as tower
Now staining in shower
A massive melts in middle
But none with a needle
To tie the tackling term
That survives so saintly in storm
Drowning in the darkness
Still silence slides in weakness
Once from way wrested
And had left half hearted.

(20)

Mirror

May be a minor or major one
irrespective of anything or anyone
reflects whatever in front of it
reminding something a little bit
"One has already shown the love
receive now and reflect the love."

(21)

Warrior

It's absolutely an admire
when a warrior wins a battle
for his vivid victory
there are adulation in flood
But it's not be of flesh and blood
Rather a spiritual story
when you fight to settle
to save someone's soul from fire.

(22)

Since I met her

I met her in school
She was so beautiful
and after that an art
was made in my heart
from that fascinating day
to this very day
my heart hovers at her
for it's the love that wants her
never get to know about my heart
for it feebly cries from being apart
if I could ever had love to store
and that relationship I can restore
the beginning and the end
She would be my friend.

(23)

Vanished in lee

It's such a scenery to see
when lofty land led by lee

when grass shining in sun's ray
with each closing of day
So does it withers
with the wind leaving its feathers
The flower too fades
on its place or else its sheds
But His Word stood forever
for it was spoken by Life-Giver
hold this today
and live for everyday
for this is the only time
by which we can sublime.

(24)

Couldn't be shorter than This

Couldn't be shorter than this
for how hard it is
when the warrior wept
so severely saline swept.

At the loss of Lazarus
He did heard the crying chorus
So He wept with them
as one of them.

Though He did a delay
yet he came one day
to meet the bereaved family
at the loss put on them heavily.

He has purpose which is greater
So he loved to come later
for He wanted to raise the dead
and humble hundred head.

But whatever all had seen
That none has ever been
was not worthy to be compared
for what He delayed in attired

Couldn't be shorter than this
for how hard it is
when the warrior wept
so severely Saline swept.

(25)

The Student of the Saviour

The student of the Saviour
is he who betrays his bad behaviour

he turns from his wicked ways
close beside the Saviour he stays.
Upon being called by Him
he or she doesn't remain in dim
but they give up their all
as the Saviour becomes all in all.
They may face many trouble
but never grumble
through the darkest moment
they make melodious movement.
Shame and sorrow comes
with wars and rejections comes
but all are useless for them
for so high is their aim.
They march victoriously
In Christ comfortably
They reach their finishing line
That is eternity without a decline.

(26)

What a Calm assurance !

What a calm assurance I get
when my mind and heart is set

to read the Word of God
and pray in the name of Lord.

The compassion that I receive
in midst of deceive
The Spirit of God my guide
always stays close beside.

Where can I find a company
that removes my most melancholy ?
and gives me great glee
matter not of false flee.
What need of any addition
or other's protection ?
Why should I be more corrupted ?
And why not I be translated ?

Let my heart be that hallowed
and my knee and face be below
so my light will glow
and I will ever be in bungalow.

(27)

Being a teen tot

I am a tot of teen age
and love not to live in cage
but to rise high
above the tot's sky
I want all to accept me
but none to reject me
especially a more thirst for an opposite gender
if they take me in their tender
always in need of a friend
from starting of day to the end

I pondered a lot
being a teen tot
where can I find a friend so faithful ?
and where can I be loved in full ?
I fear bad company corruption
and adverse effect of addiction
At the same time
many hormones releases enzymes
enticed by the environment
seductive by the enjoyment

My mind swings
as it had any wings
had many peer pressures
and a search for a leisure
pay for a privacy
forced to be fancy
though family is neglected
yet needs to be provided
though provided with all
still not satisfied at all.

When while undergoing this way
I met the Saviour in the stay
who had loved me
before I could know Thee
when the world rejected me
I was selected by Thee
He became my Sustainer
and my Redeemer
I was in whole satisfied
for He gave me life in rectified.

(28)

Not on other's running rate

One knows not everything
nor one knows nothing
each is different from other
so stay sure to be a loving brother
never judge anyone
else be set to shame by someone
never criticize any body
else be scolded by somebody
be on your state
but not on other's running rate
so fix your own date
to meet a mate
not to take away anything
but to provide something
be ever generous
and enjoy life enormous.

(29)

The Complementary Colours

The Creator's contrasting creations
prompted me into praising proclamations
from the bottom to the top
Let his holy name be in up
If I look upon the sky
which is held at high
the orange shining sun's hue
complementary to sky's blue
and if I make my eyes bound
to the globe's ground
I see the racy red rose
complementary to green pose
The Creator who is true
has made this vivid virtue
So now let you be on your knee
to praise and pray to Thee.

(30)

An Erst in Present

The thrust within me
when my eyes rest upon you to see
those smile on your face
the rose that rise in this race
true to say
and drown in this display
But I will not pluck the rose
oh yes! I know the pose
the thorn hidden in deep
for the flora that blossoms to keep
and not blind to this
for many I met like it is
not to all but to those his and her
is this pose placed for.

(31)

Happy Mother's Day

Mothers are those whom God chose
to be the one for someone they are the reflection

with an absolute affection their love is unbearable
and the high pitch ever audible
So Sweet are they like a rose
came to this world for a purpose like the stars we have found
placed to shine in this ground
unworthy we are to have them all
just for a span are they all one day will they ever flee
leaving their love to the lee
far from this undeserving world
into the loving hand of the Lord
that day could lead
for some tears to shed
but what left is today
if one can give a joyful day then from that
who will become what unknown is the fact
by fulfilling an adoring act.

(32)

Happy Father's Day

Once i was shivering
then i asked God for a warm touch
Yet i was left unanswered

Until the time He showed someone:
Who by then was left to nothing
So as to impart me with everything
Who worked out soaked in sun
So i could rest under a roof
Many more quirks to say
but words not enough to convey
When touched by this warmth
which not by any hand but the deeds
And an impotent me survived then
lest no one else but by my ...Father..!

(33)

Just by your looks

Your look
just took
my sight
in this night
My mind is lost
to this very cost
you know not
that you are my quote.

(34)

Lap to Heart

On your lap
I found a place to nap
By your hands
Your caressing trends
Through your hair
The shade you share
With your heart beat
Your love my life meet.

(35)

Not One Day

Not one day of a week
to You i shall seek
But in each and every day
Each and every second
Anywhere and everywhere
Anytime and everytime
I will seek You
And be found in You.

(36)

Christ is Risen

Come let us sing
for the risen King
He has conquered sin and death
And given us life and breathe
Let us shout aloud
and raise our applaud
Jump and dance
praise him for the great performance
He is worthy of our worship
So come let's bow down in worship
He died and rose again
time again and again
His love endures forever
Glory to God the one and only Saviour.

(37)

Forgiveness

The best thing I can give
is that to frame myself to forgive
irrespective of any circumstance

but always pure in God's glance.
In fact
One who accomplishes this act
releases a prisoner and that prisoner
is none other than the person himself
So it's the case with the very self
This quality is of a strong personality
who pardons,passes penalty
A greater form of love is shown
and an inner battle of both is won.

(38)

My Focus

I can't afford to stay afraid
i am on my raid
For God has paid
and my life to him I laid

Whatever comes my way
shall never cause me a stay

So my note is nay
To every worthless fray

I will run the race
and will fight face to face
on the whole world surface
peace will be on my palace

Though i fall
i will still hear His call
and pick myself up from the fall
and i will run rising in the sight of all

And i will stand firm
that i ceaselessly confirm
through every tremendous storm
i will work for the reform

I have fixed my focus
on the Perfector without a pause
whatever the circumstances cause
but i am on my destination to focus.

(39)

The Best

The best
Never rest
In the nest
Nor do they fest
They fly high
Above ordinary sky
They don't entertain guest
They don't waste
They only quest
And do what makes them best.

(40)

I Kept Asking Myself

I kept asking myself
Why am I not in me and myself ?
It's...really excitingly - dull
Why your name my mind do call ?
My heart beats louder
As I feel my heart's holder

The smile on your face
The warmth in your embrace
The words of your lips
All in my heart you keeps
How it so happened in me
That I can't even see ?
Do you love me the same
As I do hearing your name ?

(41)

My Bestie My Mom

Not every Mom
Are limited to home
Reflection of the Almighty
Attributes of divinity
Serves in humility
Ingites integrity
Inner beauty
Holds a dignity
Makes meal so tasty
Perfect in duty
Inherits the gravity

To clasp eternity
She might be more than forty
Still the closest friend of a twenty.

(42)

Unraveled Me

I made promises today
yet broke it in the next day
I repented of my sins
still then i continued again in it
I could realise my sins
Even then i went with it
So disgusted with my very self
I thought of giving up on life
It's on this very point of time
His Word reached my low spirit
"Before I formed you in the womb I knew you
Take heart, son; your sins are forgiven."
That was not only enough
But it was more than enough.

(43)

My Saviour is my life

O Lord, you are the reason
I can survive this darkest season
This is my story
And this my poetry
My saviour is with me
When no one is their with me
There's none like you
That's the reason i praise you
My Saviour is by my side
In His glorious light i hide
This is my testimony
And this is my harmony
In the middle of this storm
I want to glorify you standing firm.

(44)

Motherland and Patriarchy

The truth stands alone
Like a candle to be blown

They call the nation as motherland
Yet they use mother in offensive command
They worship hand-made woman
Yet they abuse God-made women
They can't see her efforts in home
Still eager to stare others outside home
They desire someone else daughter
Yet they grieve by the birth of own daughter
They clap when she is on spotlight
Yet they slap while struggling in dark night
Judiciary, society and legislature
All proved themselves to be a failure.

(45)

Root of Arranged marriage

Parents, family and society
Are the root cause of anxiety
When it's not her choice
And she has no voice
And by force
A stranger is a source

She is bound to marry
Having no option to carry
By this act
Which her family enact
She is submitted to rape
In this very marital shape
Often the violence
Occurs due to her inevitable silence.

(46)

Alarm

When will you marry
At what age then will you marry
The society hurried
Parents were worried
Families in torrid
Her everything got buried
Her carrer, talents and dream
All was carried away by the stream
In the name of marriage
She was delivered into the carriage

Her goals got a barrage
And her feelings had no garage
By repeating the same quote
They have set knife on a girl's throat.

(47)

Certainty of Girls

Not only the word "No"
Some "Yes" hurts more than "No"

Having a male friend : No !
Having a boyfriend : No !
Going out at night : No !
Wearing shorts on sight : No !

Seeking freedom : No !
Entertainment over boredom :No !
Going abroad for education : No !
Picnic with friends in vacation : No !
To be financially independent : No !
Having dreams to indent : No !

But to marry a stranger : Yes !
Raising child and handling family : A big Yes !

(48)

Just my eyes into yours

I have seen
The depth of ocean
My eyes
Into your eyes
And a whole
New world
Everthing viewed
And all valued
Loved the way
Lost in wonders
Just my eyes
Into your eyes
Your beauty has been
Beyond what i have ever seen.

(49)

Sadly a middle class

To what do I wake
Other than to act fake

They call it birthday
And ask to enjoy the day
How can a middle class boy
Who has responsibilities to envoy
Find a joyous place
Over seeking a solace
Having unpursued dreams
Every night it roars beyond streams
Like nothing and no one
The world deserve not this span
When there's a heart break
Who celebrates with a cake ?

(50)

I will seek His face

In the middle of my mess
I will seek your face
In the hoplessness
I will be in your embrace
You are my Lord
I will meditate on your Word

In my distress
I will seek your grace
In my case
I will pray being ceaseless

(51)

Plucked by fate

In the secret garden of his heart
A rarest flower bloomed like a fresh start
He held it close with tender hand
Poured on it love so life would be planned

Even after all the care
Fate stole it with a rival's snare
Winds of wealth wiped the world
Leaving his loyal heart empty and cold.

(52)

Earth bound

Birds soars high
With wings of pride

At night none in the sky
Bound to nest their they hide
The waves too
Makes a great boast
As it rises high on view
Only to fall at the feet of coast.

(53)

Saree

In modern rush
Modesty often hit by worse
One attire stands
As timeless sands
The saree remains a gold
An unique drape of this world
Many accross the globe
Tried to compete with this robe
Still it silenced all
With culture and tradition squall.

(54)

Traffic of Life

In the land of dreams and schemes
Many stand in line with endless extremes
Traffic jam a test of patience
Green light the only timely assurance
Life on pause not that easy
When for a living you are way busy
For those in power and position
Promises expires in hidden corruption.

(55)

Times of Relatives

Seen among many
Though not to judge any
They love to add drama
To sustain their life of chroma
They use hands to talk
More than mouth do it's work
They impart advices freely

Often unsolicited to the hurry
They have their own family
Yet more curious in others story
More to mention
Yet personally I prefer caution.

(56)

The Digital Dilemma

Mom and dad got wild
Approaching their only child
Who for them is always into the phone
Not withstanding what can be done all alone
Home became a battlefield
Child didn't had anyone's shield
They fought until their mobile rang
And never returned before call got hang.

(57)

Successfully Failed

I tried wake up early
Just to snooze till noon

I scheduled to study daily
Yet the webseries is coming soon
I always keep my kitchen clean
I order online and enjoy my meal
I got motivation for gym
Still Ican't betray my couch
I took resolution not to watch meme
Next moment I found myself again on couch.

(58)

That Eye Contact

That eye contact
Kept my heart intact
Your eyes
Collided with my eyes
The hormones
All my emotions
And i did saw nothing
Less than my everything
My feelings spoke to me
This is the one needed by me

Since then you are the ink
My heart writes when of you I think
Lost in that ocean
To an extent of being unseen.

(59)

The Great Relative Show

The real surprise test
Is with the arrival of guest
Your room they invade
Your fridge they have orders to raid
No time to decide
How can they reside
A compulsory syllabus
You are bound to entertain their cause
They poke nose
Into your personal pose
Unsolicited advices
Are the special devices
They open other's diary
With added spices into the story
Once they are content
They will ensure next visit consent.

(60)

Your Preoccupied Being

You are mine
And i am yours
Eyes are mine
But it loves to look at you
Heart is mine
However, it beats for you
Mind is mine
Yet it thinks only about you
Phone is mine
Even so the gallery is occupied by you
Life is mine
Still then am ready to die for you
It begins with i and ends in you
To the moon and back: I Love You.

(61)

Lotus

Rearest of virtue
Ever found on muddy view

Is that of a flora
Emitting divine aura

The sun share
In it's splendor there
For no stagnant swamp
Could cease the nature's lamp.

(62)

Forgotten Perfume

If fragnace
Claims a chance
It won't remain
In silence of lane
Withholding the power
To rekindle fire in midst of shower
Recalls to mind
Days went behind
Memories refused to part
Destiny of my fragmented heart.

(63)

Her Earrings

I could see
The side view
Of heaven's dew
Delicate charm made for me

A divine art
Felt by heart
Where to start
If i ever get a chance to chat

Such a face
Glowing in grace
Never seen in any race
My heart already uttered praise

Even over that
You desire surplus chart
You magnified the heavenly art
Adorned your profile more to impart

Your sparkling treasure
Goes beyond any measure
It radiates the exquisite pleasure
Forecasting at once heart's seizure.

(64)

Indian Tea Stall

Under this humble shade
Many craved their day be made
A single hot tea cup
Could make millions stop
To start a day
Or take a break on the way
In every sip
There's an untold story tip
Often unnoticed in haste
For crowd busy only in taste.

(65)

Only the Autumn knows

Only the autumn knows
How hard i've tried
The tears i've cried
The way i've died
For the one nobody knows

Only autumn knows
How far i went
From the branch rent
To the ground tent
For the one my heart chose

Only autumn knows
How a goodbye
Cost a thousand why
To live empty on sky
For all glory fade with foes.

(66)

India's Lament

Once this nation
United to a vision
Now divisions
For further sub-divisions

Then they fought
For freedom and justice
Now words too short
To mention the wicked practice

A farmer's sweat
Barely changed his fate
A politician's feast
Diplayed power of wild beast

To sustain a chair
Leaders now wrapped in religious attire
Gullibles into this snare
Easy to inspire and easier to hire

The crowd's cruelty
Always towards the minority
A brutal display
Of tolerance on stay

Hatred trending hard
Language and community
Playing the victim card
Fragmenting the unity in humanity

Women's safety
A joke in the society
In street, homes and heart
Violence reigns as a traditional art

External freedom won
Inner war continue to run
With such heavy chains
Can this nation rise above endless pains ?

(67)

Nightmare's Edge

Darkness swallows all in sight
I am left alone in an endless night
The house creaks with every breath
A presence was felt at a distant length

I froze in fear
Curious and anxious
Still on bed to see and hear
Almost on verge of unconscious

The foot steps radiates thrill
As it was close to my room I feel
A shadow exists in darkness
I was nowhere in my own loneliness

That came closer
Too dark to be seen
It was the teaser
When the alarm flipped the screen.

(68)

Beyond the Surface

Once in my morning devotion
I read of Christ with such a mention
He has numbered all hairs of our head
I just found a strength in this daily bread

The same day only
I was literally left lonely
When a pastor came
And he was bald as same

I could neither ask my doubt
Nor keep my laughter from sparking out
How can this be
A monastery with shining dome to see

Chose silence as safety
in midst of chaos by curiosity
Only to realize a truth
Christ not limited to your head and foot.

(69)

My Motherland

A mother's love forever wide
Embracing all side by side
From Himalayas' mighty towering height
To Cape Comorin's southern light

Her children many with diverse face
Yet one heartbeat in a sacred space
Every language a gentle breeze
That rustles leaves of her ancient trees

Her festivals many with colorful sight
Diwali's lights, Holi's vibrant delight
Eid's warm feast, Christmas morning cheer
Gurpurab's wisdom all her children hear

Bharat Mata's love, a boundless sea
Where every soul, is free to be
A home for all where hearts entwine
In her eternal loving shrine.

(70)

Love On Hold

We live in such a generation
One can't understand a relation
People ignore each other
To get each other's attention
They love each other
But never tell at any condition
They care for each other
Yet act like they don't care
They intensly want to talk with each other
Still wait for the other to initiate first
They finally leave each other
And the relationship don't last
Once honesty was the best policy
Here now silence has been the only policy.

(71)

The Alarm-Proof Man

There once was a man named Joe
Whose snoring musical to know
He'd sleep through the night
With a sound so bright
Alarm fails to his row
That loud though.

(72)

Love's Streetlight

A sight
Fell on height
Like one streetlight
Your eyes shines bright
Guides me in darkest night
To your heart, my home, my delight.

(73)

The Title Trap

You wear the title, of a mighty name
But is it biblical, or just a worldly claim ?

You call yourselfa reverend or more
But do you resemble the Christ you adore ?

Your life has no fruit
Your heart is hardened to the truth
You preach of humility but practice pride
You're only in words and actions left aside

You seek the glory of men and their praise
Neglecting the glory of God's holy ways
You're more into your earthly fame
Than with the eternal and spiritual flame

The Bible says to call no man father
And you demand a title not of God's order
You're not a prophet, a reverend, or a priest
You're a servant to the One who released

So let us lay down earthly titles amd pride
And take up the towel of a servant inside
Let us humble ourselves, before the Lord
And live all in accordance to His holy Word.

(74)

Global Warming

A little boy bought ice cream one day
In the summer heat it melted away
He ran to the park to eat it with glee
But it melted faster than he could see

He thought it was magic or may be a spell
And through him the earth's story to tell
The ice caps are melting the poles are too
And the boy's ice cream was just a clue !

(75)

Butterscotch Blessing

Once a mom opened the fridge
And in a rush searched the ridge
Only to find an ice-cream box bare
And soft-drinks bottle empty to share

She looked at her kids
To where her curiosity leads
Those today gave a rare sight
Since never before studied this tight

The guest at the door
And nothing left much in store
To a surprise as such
They had came with a butterscotch.

(76)

Silent Scream of Earth

Mother Earth weeps tears of grey
As smog chokes her, night and day
Her skin is scarred by plastic shame
Her voice is silenced by noises of game
Her heart is heavy with toxic blood
Her beauty lost to litter's flood
Her soul is weary of radioactive pain
Her future uncertain, like autumn's rain.

(77)

The Urgency of Now

Everyone wants Success
Yet nobody endures the Process
If your present
Is not an urgent
Then your own future
Remains a distant treasure
Those who have purpose
Never bow to pleasure even at their worse.

(78)

Religion without Relationship

They wear the Cross as symbol of might
But hearts untouched by love's pure light
Sunday mornings they gather with cheer
But Monday's dawn their faith disappears

Their profiles boast of scripture so grand
But hearts unchanged by the Savior's hand

They quote the Bible with words so bold
But actions had a different tale to be told

A religion practiced to find others flaw
They know the doctrine and the law
But Christ's presence they never saw
Only the what they know that they know

Oh,the irony, of a life so astray
A Christian in name but far from the Way
Nothing worth is your religion
If at personal you don't have a relation.

(79)

The Dream Killers

Oh parents so wise
with visions so grand
You know only to advice
And suffocate your kids on your land
You're so busy

preparing them for the big test
That it's becomes easy
forget to let them be their best
You worry about their future
By destroy their personal feature
With constant strife
You make them as robots without a life
Let them dream
And follow the stream
Which ever match their passion
Let them pursue that without question.

(80)

Unplugged Man

In an era of reels and endless scrolls
Lives are stuck on online trolls
Minds are just that numb
With long use of thumb
A purposeful man stands tall

Unmovedt by trends of all

His eyes are on goals

He knows his roles

He reads and learns

Respect he earns

Never gets off track

For a comeback.

(81)

He never turns away

O Lord, i am tired of sinning

Am too tired of failing and falling

I am done with my way of living

I feel distant from You as am surviving

Create in me a new heart

Let me never turn or depart

Your Word be hidden in my heart

May Your glory revive this new start.

(82)

Catalyst of Now

Your decision
Without an action
Is simply procrastination
Keeping you from destination
Don't borrow
Your own sorrow
By saying Tomorrow
Today, shoot the arrow.

(83)

Just One Index

A mom searched her phone
Everywhere in house of her own
Only to be more desperate
For she had an urgent state
She went to her kids
If they have it for any deeds
The older was into a book

So sober today to do the unhook
The mom was denied
To ask further question
Only then the younger by side
Switched-off the light in this tension
An angelic face was seen
By the light of wisdom from the book
Moment before disaster got a Scene
And five fingers on face formed a look.

(84)

The Sunday Christians

Sunday Christians, a holy disguise
Monday to Saturday, a different surprise
They are only to hear the message
Who cares if late in the worship stage

The bible attracts dust
Which shows their spiritual thirst
Their prayer life is cold
For they are too rooted in the world

For them a church is a social place
And rest of the week they need space
They are a born Christian
Still sinful lives they entertain

Acting holy one day
All the week they live their way
In their own personal space
The Lord Christ never find a place

They only pray
When they want God to pay
They love to hear sermons
That pleases their hormones

Their syllabus don't have conviction
All they want promises to match intention
Only in the need
The prayer takes a lead

They are too busy for the Lord
No time in the private to read the Word
Christians by name
Are nothing but a shame
They demand a full-time God
Being a part-time Christian to hoard.

(85)

Unsung Lioness of Loving Might

Behind closed doors, a silent fight
A world of pain, without a light
The weight of duty, the sting of fate
A woman bound, by societal state

Her days blend together, a never-ending chore
A cycle of cooking, cleaning, and more
A prisoner of labour, no rest even at night
The weight of household on her so tight

Her identity lost in the roles she must play
A daughter, sister, wife, mother, every single day
No voice, no choice, no freedom to roam
A life of sacrifice, in her in-laws home

She suvives in the name of life
Only she knows the strife
Unnoticed and unappreciated
Her unsung struggle sorted.

(86)

Her Untold Story

We call our country as Motherland
Still her girls are not safe in this land
On this sand where cultures blend
Safety for women is a distant trend

A gender bound by fear and night
Their wings clipped short, rules made tight
Neither night nor day
The wild eyes follows their way

Safety a luxury, beyond their reach
Justice, an impossible, that got ditch
Afterall, they accept their fate
For unto them all are just closed gate

The night is dark,the world is cold
Their voices hushed,their stories untold
The streets a threat, the home a cage
Their lives a mere whisper, on a distant page

We must shatter, these chains of old
Unleash the fire, that within them unfold
For freedom is their birthright
Let us march forth, so this dream shine bright.

(87)

The Art of Seizing

A lizard's gaze, so sharp and bright
Catches insects, with skillful might
No chance escapes,no moment slips
It seizes prey, with swift grips

But we, like lazy giants, slow
Let opportunities fly, as they grow
Don't be like us,be like the lizard's eye
Seize your chances, before they say goodbye.

(88)

Childhood in Archives

Those childhood memories
Left only in diaries and galleries
For unknown future
Might need this guesture

In the midst of tenses
I dare to take this expenses
Only to cherish
Moments before perish.

(89)

Sole Mates

A loyal slave
the slippers of mine
Glad or grave
It's always down on line

Day or night
Summer or winter
Increases my height
And saves my feet off splinter.

(90)

If He could think of Then

He who knew no sin
For unto us became sin
And that's what he did
Chose to follow where love lead

He wore a crown
That dropped blood down
I was there on his mind
And my life from him i find.

(91)

Agape Love

Far from You had i gone
This is what my life had done
Yet You never left me alone
Father You gave your one and only Son

Who am i for You
Not even a dust to your view
I can't think beyond this due
Wrath deserving me saved and made new

Forever grateful
And forever and ever hopeful
Once so sinful
Now love made me wholly wonderful.

(92)

The Middle Ground

A middle-class boy with dreams so bright
Works hard each day from morning till night
His heart is broken by love's cruel fate
A lost love story that he can barely relate

His family's pressure weighs upon his chest
A burden to carry and do his best
His father's expectations to his mother's tears
A brother to support through all his years

He struggles to make ends meet each day
A meager salary that barely finds its way
He dreams of a better life with a sigh
But reality bites and he wonders why

His social life suffers,his friends move away
Only he knows what unbearable night and day
Hundred reasons to die
Looking at his parents heart still cry

His passion and fire, slowly start to fade
The daily grind now anever-ending shade
He searches for hope in the night
A chance to revive his dying light

Ask not a middle class boy his well being
For he will hide painful truth while smiling
He knows the taste of life
Let your words not contribute in his strife.

(93)

The Hidden Cost

If the lips are sweet
Don't rush for the heart beat
You never know the cake
That can give life an unending break
Rats fell for the same
The trap is just an old game
No food is free
Attraction of now turns later ugly.

(94)

Watch out for the yeast

The pharisees
And the sadducees
People of this party
Still exists in the community
They know the Law
And use it to find flaw

In someone
Who is a subdued one
They judge
Withholding grudge
After worship
They prefer to gossip
They balance public godliness
So skillfully with their inner sinfulness.

(95)

He gives beauty to the ashes

Dear Lord Jesus, how do I thank You
In what all ways can I wholly thank You
I came to You empty
And You called it a place of your plenty
I came to You with dirty feet
And You washed it making me sit
I came to You with tears
And You turned it into cheers
I came to You with my past
And You were my First and the Last

I came to you with my dead-end
And You are the Way-Maker in this trend
I surrender, i can't thank You enough
Your Presence in my life is more than enough.

(96)

Engrossed

What is there in you
that i am lost in you ?
My thoughts are always about you
My eyes rest only upon you
My emotions are based on you
My heart beats for you
The words of my mouth woos you
and deeds depends upon you
Am an indifferent me in you
can't survive without you
It's you and only you
Solely and wholly in love with you
My life was only 'me' without you
but now it's you and only you.

(97)

A rest to my emotions

You are designed
You are assigned
Your lap
Is my place of nap
Your shoulder
Is my head's holder
You are mine
My sun shine
Your chest
Is where i find rest
Your hands around me
Is like a blanket for me

Made for each other
To live forever as togather.

(98)

I trust You

Turn to me
and be gracious to me

for I am lonely
crushed hardly
Am broken
Yet not shaken
For i trust thee
And you have sustained me
I firmly stand
Cause you hold my hand.

(99)

Your Love Set Me Free

You make me still
And fulfill your will
You hold my hand
When it is my end
You change my heart
As you have set me apart
You hear my prayer
For you really care
You always loved me
When i couldn't love that me.

(100)

Unworthy, Yet Loved

I know not why
O God Most High
You chose me
A failure like me
When you had many
From them to choose any
Still you loved me
And you raised me
I was left behind
And you left all to find
Only a broken me
And so lost in that of me
LORD, how do you love me
When i couldn't love this very me ?

The Poet's testimony, Revived from the Ashes, chronicles his triumphant journey from despair to redemption.With heart-wrenching honesty, the word-artist recounts his transformation by the power of faith. This deeply moving collection of poems, penned during his high-school era offers a glimpse into the heart of a young man forever changed by the grace of Lord Jesus Christ.

A must-read for anyone seeking inspiration, 'Revived from the Ashes' is a beacon of light guiding readers through life's darkest moments towards a brighter tomorrow.

About the Poet : *Poem is the portrait of the inner man, the unspoken language of introverts. In every poetic flow you will discover a piece of me which indept to the Grace.*

Sourabh Rout, a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, ignited by flames of patriotism to serve his motherland - India. Pursuing masters in streams of humanities and on a journey to unite hearts accross the globe. A shining star in India's firmament, illuminating the way forward. When his pen rests, adventure begins along with reading, travelling, art - his heart wins teaching minds, observing life passions beyond mere writing's strife.

Poet